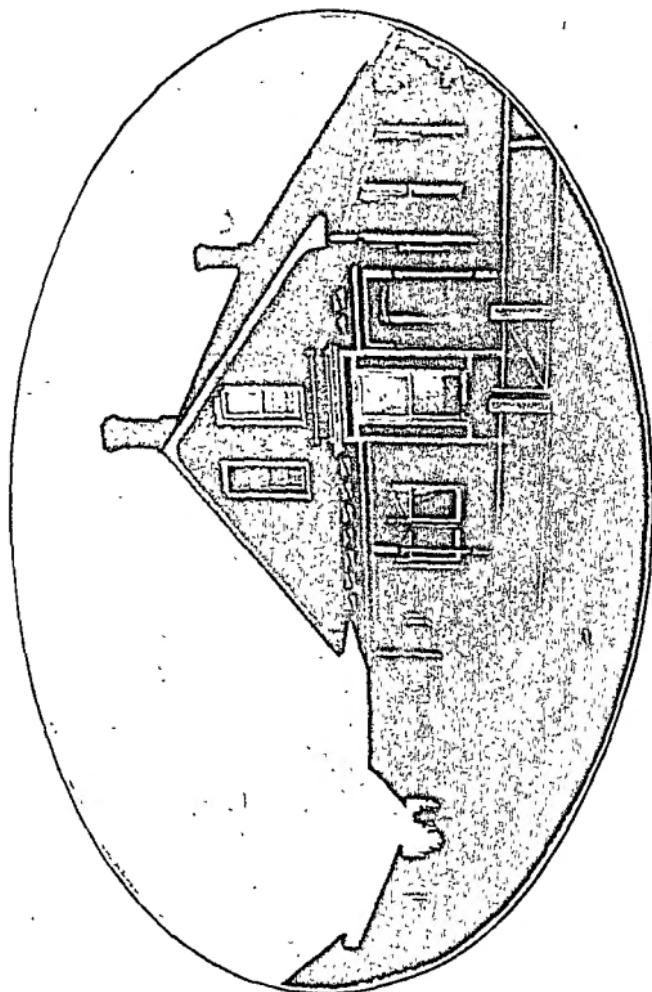




HERBIE BELLAMY







Herbie's Home.

A Sketch of the Life of Herbie Bellamy



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* If the facts of Herbie Bellamy's life, as here recorded, be made a means of stimulating our Mission Bands, or cause any to think seriously of the importance of each day of life, and the responsibility of each soul for other souls, the purpose of this sketch will be accomplished, as we are taught from this history that

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."

M. M. WILLIAMS,
Montreal.



A Sketch of the Life HERBIE BELLAMY of Herbie Bellamy.



N a quiet home in the prairie town of Moose Jaw, on the 15th day of January, 1887, a baby boy was born. The little life seemed to tremble in the balance, but God had purposed that that life should be prolonged to be a blessing in the home and in the community, reaching even to other lands. Everything that love and care with medical skill could do, was done. The father, mother and brother hoped against hope that health would come to the weak little body, until the sad truth was forced upon them that

HERBIE BELLAMY their darling Herbie had a form of spinal trouble which affected his nervous system to such an extent, that he would never be able to walk, or talk, or have the use of his hands. ☺ ☺

Three years wore away, and during that time the babe only slept while in his mother's arms. There was no stretching out of the little hands to grasp the playthings that amused him. The eyes beamed with intelligence, but only his devoted and loving mother could interpret the language of the eyes and the facial expressions, so as to understand his meaning. When he was about five years of age, the patient sufferer was a bright interesting boy and comparatively mature Christian. Taught by his mother to look on the bright side, the spirit of discontent with his lot had no place in his heart, for gratitude and thank-





If god is for us who can
be against us. Herbie Bellamy

fulness to his Heavenly Father were the HERBIE
ruling thoughts. He seemed to be naturally
unselfish, thinking of others and
always desirous that they should love his
Jesus who was so good to him. ♦ ♦

BELLAMY

Again a hope was entertained that medical skill might at least bring some help to the little sufferer, and in that hope Herbie shared. A long, wearisome journey was taken to Toronto, and there he was subjected to medical treatment. Herbie's great desire was to walk and talk like other boys, and the sensitive nature received a severe shock when all efforts for his relief were unavailing. The disappointment preyed upon his spirits, although he never lost faith in God's goodness to him ; but he made his mother understand his thought—that, as he expressed it, he was "no good." In the summer of 1894 Dr.

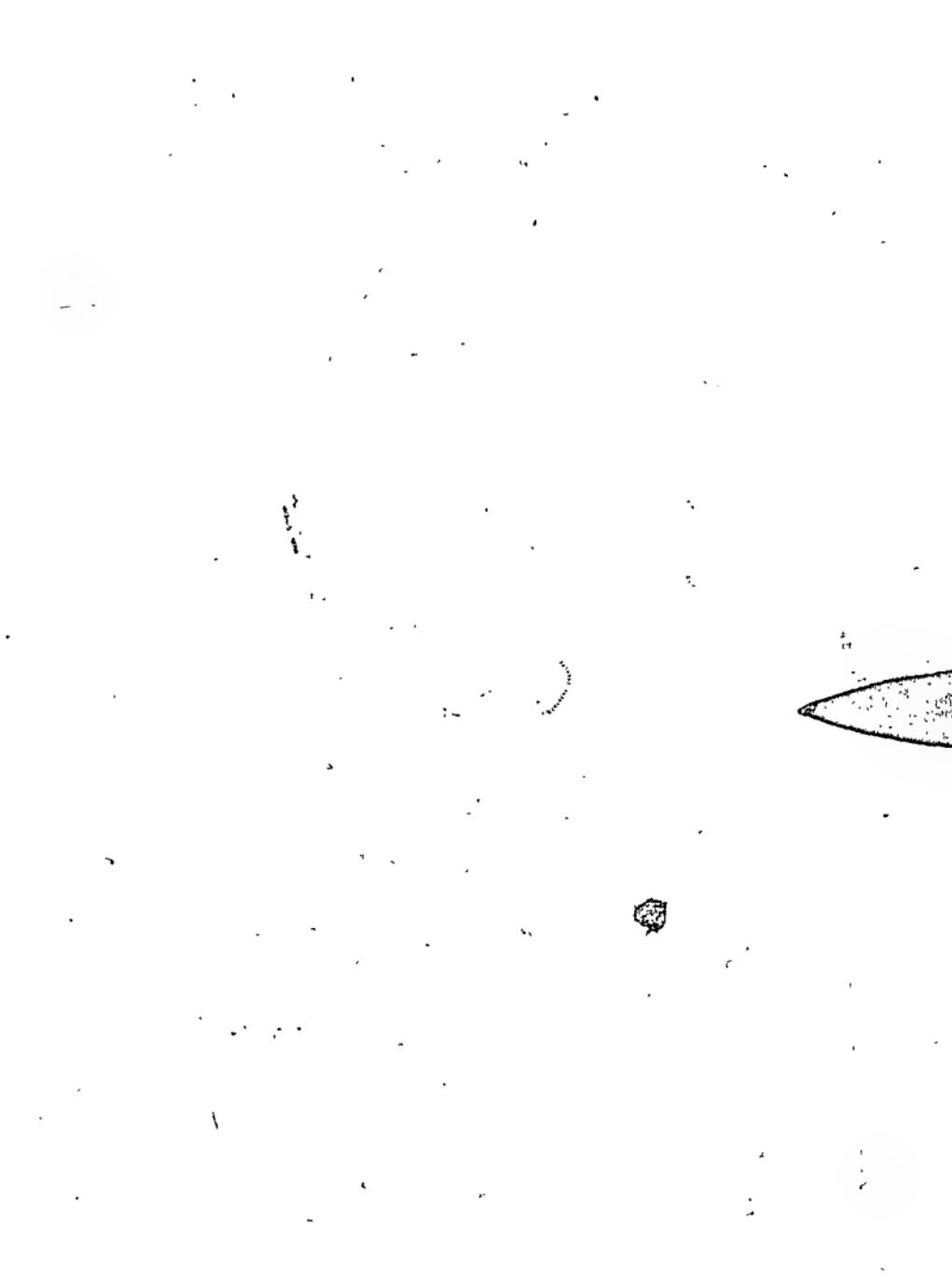
HERBIE McKenzie visited Moose Jaw, and the **BELLAMY** Methodist minister, the Rev. F. B. Stacey, took him to see the afflicted boy. After a careful examination, he said that nothing could be done, but gave him the idea of writing with his foot. As he could not control the motion of his foot, his father, ever ready to devise ways and means for the child's comfort, conceived the idea of having a sandal-shaped shoe laced over his boot, and at the toe a short pencil placed securely, so that the point of the pencil could come in contact with the paper on the floor ; and Herbie, seated in his low chair, began the work of controlling his foot. Think of the patience he exercised and the perseverance necessary, for, notwithstanding all his efforts, it was two years before he could form a letter ! When he made the first mark he was overcome

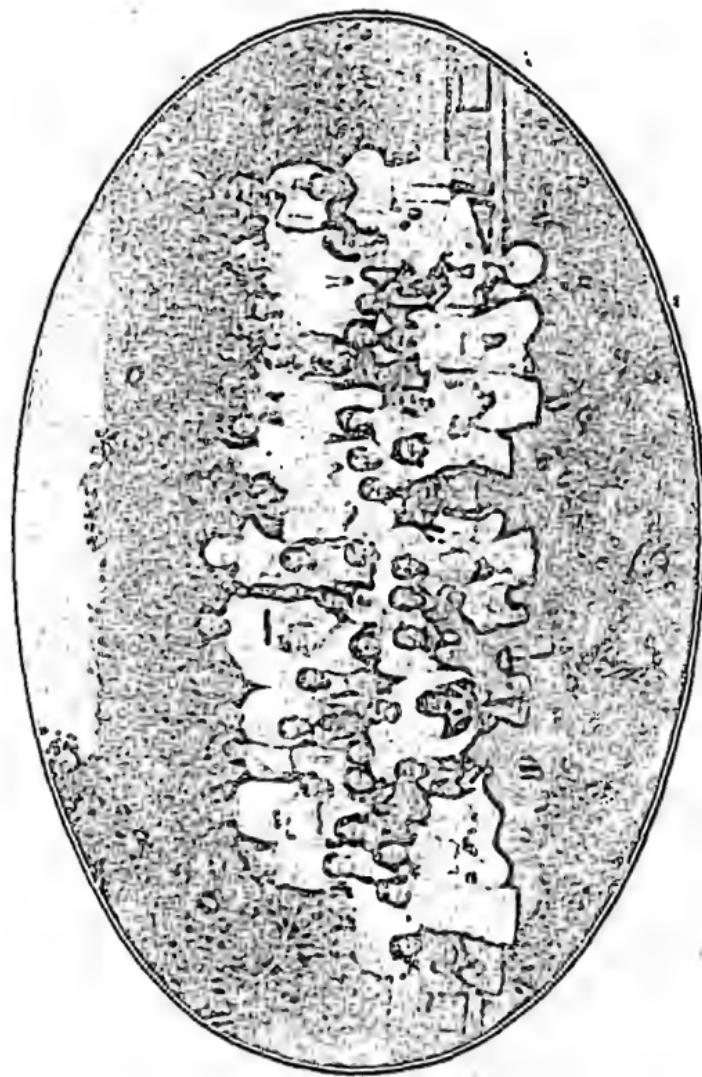
with delight, as he realized that now he HERBIE could do something for himself, and was no longer, as he termed it, "no good." ☺ ☺

He began by copying the letters from the alphabetical blocks which had been used to teach him the alphabet. His mother tried taking him to school for an hour each morning, but it was too trying to his nerves. The primary teacher then came twice a week, an hour each time. This was done because of his earnest longing to go to school like other boys. This also was abandoned, but still the child persevered. Sometimes the little face was clouded, as effort after effort resulted in defeat. But these clouds were only occasional, and were always dispelled by an encouraging word and the presentation of the bright side by his mother.

HERBIE Then he would always say : "God is very
BELLAMY good to me." * *

Herbie began the work of collecting for missions before he could form a letter. His pastor gave him a missionary box, and his mother taught him the needs of the heathen world. Herbie was also taught of the Spirit, and his receptive mind grasped the thought that there were boys and girls who did not know that Saviour whom he knew and loved. His annual contribution was made through the ordinary channels, and his reward books were received from the Mission Rooms. In 1897, when our missionary, Miss Morgan, was passing through from Victoria, she visited Moose Jaw, and explained the working of an orphanage in Kanazawa, Japan. It was just the opening the child desired, as he had expressed a wish to





Some Members of the Moose Jaw Mission Band.

work for a boy who had no father or **HERBIE**
mother, who, when he learned about Jesus, **BELLAMY**
would tell other boys and girls. This was
the beginning of his special work,* which
has become so widely known and felt
throughout our Woman's Missionary
Society. It may be interesting to Mission
Band members to know that Herbie united
with the Church shortly after his seventh
birthday. The partaking of the emblems
of Christ's death and suffering was
always a means of grace to him,
and he observed it regularly
to the end of his
short life.



* His "special work" was, at first, the educating of a Japanese boy, and ultimately the support, as far as possible, of the Home in Kanazawa, which in 1898 was named "The Herbie Bellamy Orphanage." Enough has been raised through his Mission Band to pay for the little building and the portion of land it occupies.

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HERBIE
BELLAMY



HERBIE was almost nine years of age when he began his special work, and in those years he had become dearer, not only to his own family, but to all with whom he came in contact in his native town.

Although from the nature of his affliction, he was nervous and sensitive, yet when those about him exhibited signs of alarm during high wind-storms he was always calm, and would say that he was Jesus' boy—He would take care of him; and would wonder why anyone should be afraid if they trusted in Jesus.

Herbie was carried or wheeled in his chair to the Infant Class. His mother taught this class, and with the consent of the parents organized it into a Mission

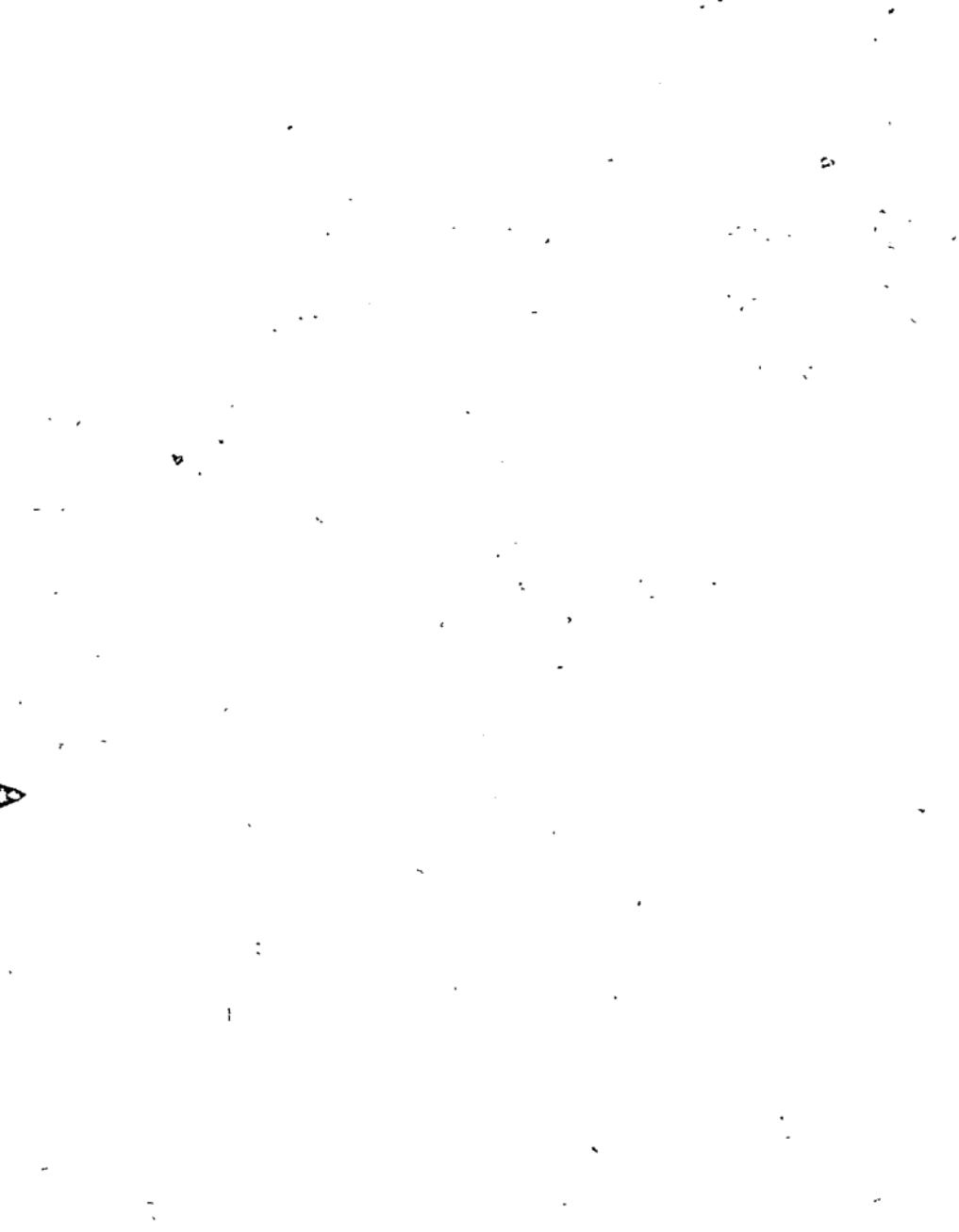
Band, and they chose Herbie for their **HERBIE**
BELLAMY President. By this time he had so advanced in his education, that he could write: "I love to work for Jesus. **HERBIE** **BELLAMY**." A gentleman called to see him and offered him twenty-five cents if he would write three names for him. Great was his joy, as he saw at once that in this way he could make money for his mission box. When his friends knew what he was doing, his work increased and his receipts were beyond his expectations. As the interest grew at home, it spread to surrounding neighborhoods, and texts of Scripture written by Herbie were in great demand. Twenty dollars was the amount he expected to raise the first year of the Mission Band. Two days before the time appointed for opening the mite boxes, he had seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

HERBIE BELLAMY Believing that Jesus would help him to earn the needed amount, he asked in implicit faith and trust, and his request was granted, the way being opened so that the two dollars and fifty cents was in his possession before the day arrived. Mite boxes had been given to the children, and at the end of the year they held an open meeting, and from that Mission Band eighty-three dollars and sixty cents found its way into the treasury of the Woman's Missionary Society. Each year there has been an increase. ♦ ♦

Herbie was also a dealer in stock. When only three years of age a friend of the family gave him a colt, and ere long he was the possessor of four. For some time they were kept on a ranch free of charge, so each year there has been an income from the horses. Herbie, before he passed



Herbie's Dog.



into the skies, said: "God will take care of them and not let them die," and requested that one should be sold each year, the proceeds to fill his box when he could no longer write for it. This year from Mission Band mite boxes and Herbie's legacy over two hundred and eighty dollars was raised. ♫ ♫

HERBIE
BELLAMY

We wonder at his business methods, at his capacity for planning and devising means for the carrying out of these plans, but we must come to the one conclusion—he was taught of God, and his will being wholly lost in the will of the Father, God honored the instrument by making him the channel through which His glory should be advanced. For the Lord taketh the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty. The work that this dear boy has set in motion, must

HERBIE continue in some form on through years
BELLAMY to come, and its far-reaching influence
will never be known until the revealing
light of eternity dawns upon it. The
work is the Lord's, and through this dear
afflicted boy He designs to teach us
that united to Him in faith,
obedience, and believing
prayer, all things
are possible.

¶ ¶ ¶

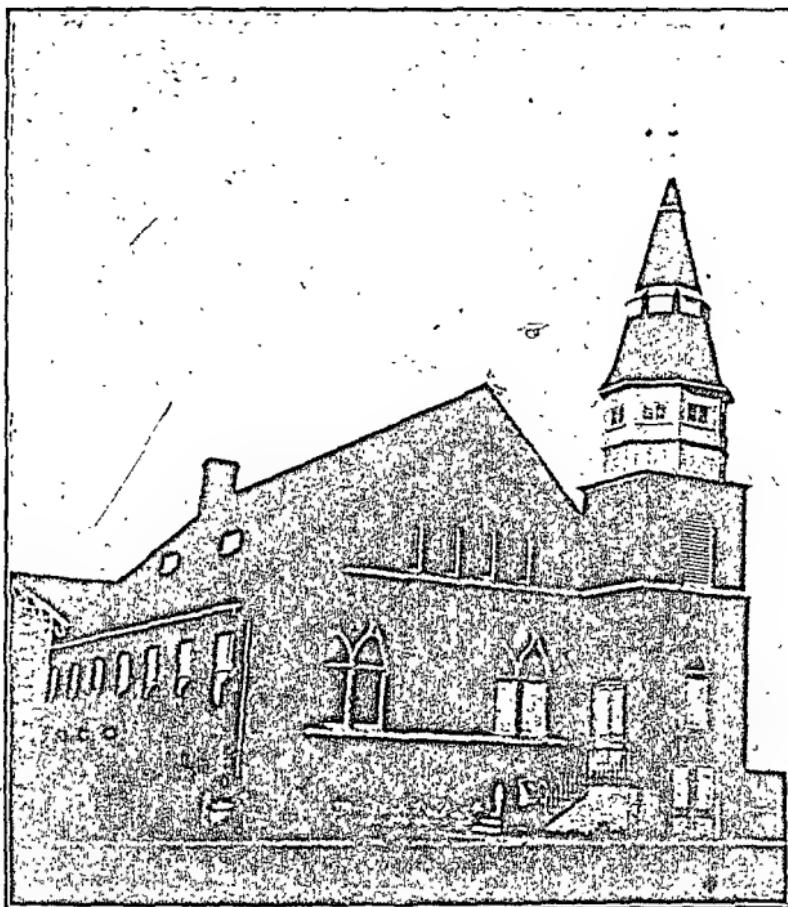


HERBIE would never accept HERBIE anything for himself, and BELLAMY when a text of Scripture or name was written for ten cents, if more were proffered, as was frequently the case, he would at once write additional words, saying that he would not beg. Often when wheeling upon the sidewalk in his chair, money would be quietly put by his side. When the discovery was made, he always looked upon it as coming from the Lord for his missionary box. He knew some one had placed it there, but believed that God had influenced them to do so. When he was shown the *Outlook*, with a photograph of himself and a short note telling of his work, he looked hurt; and when his mother inquired into his trouble, he said: "When

HERBIE BELLAMY we work for Jesus we must not talk about it." When it was explained that Jesus wanted to use him in that way to encourage others to work, he was quite satisfied. It was enough for him to know that it pleased his Saviour. ☺ ☺

He now could read and spell, and used his foot expertly. A gentleman watching him one day offered to go into partnership with him, supplying the cards and Herbie doing the writing. He stipulated that the photographs of the supported Japanese boy and Herbie's be on the card. Again he shrank from this publicity, but when he thought that all the money was to send the good news of a Saviour's love to heathen children, he at once consented. In that how much he was like his Master, Who pleased not Himself. ☺ ☺

A red-letter day in Herbie's life was



The Methodist Church, Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

when he was taken to Winnipeg and introduced to the Conference. His mother, fearing that it would be too severe a strain for him to be carried upon the platform, asked him if he could go. He replied: "Oh yes, Jesus will keep me quiet." Before going he closed his eyes and "talked to God"—that was his way of expressing it. Meeting strangers was always a trial to him, but he was kept peaceful and calm, looking about him and bowing to all. When asked what he thought of the ministers of the Conference, he said that their faces looked as if they all loved Jesus. That day he took orders for texts which amounted to nine dollars and fifty cents. Although weary and exhausted when the ordeal was over, he was a very happy boy. ☺ ☺

HERBIE
BELLAMY

Herbie was regular in his attendance at

HERBIE BELLAMY Sunday School, bringing the Golden Text written each Sunday, and great was his happiness when he received a Bible as a reward for his faithfulness. He loved music, and, as he could not use his hands, his father bought him a music-box which played six tunes. In a very short time he could wind it with his foot, and he would spend hours watching the wheels go round and knew how many turns of the key were necessary in order to play the six tunes. Although it was a great source of pleasure to him, he thought it would not be right to have it wound up on Sunday, until his mother told him that there would be music in heaven, so scrupulous was his observance of the Sabbath. At one time, when suffering from quinsy, the medicine for spraying his throat had been all used Sunday morning, but the suffering child

said: "I think I can bear the pain till **HERBIE** Monday, if it would be breaking God's **BELLAMY** day to send for it now." ♀ ♀

His life was a constant reproof to the careless and prayerless. Jesus was his first thought at all times, and under the most trying circumstances. And not alone to the careless was he a reminder of the power of Jesus Christ to influence other lives, for the experienced Christian could learn many salutary lessons from little Herbie. For a year before he went to heaven, he always began his writing thus: "God is very good to me," afterwards writing his favorite texts, such as: "Trust in the Lord, and He shall sustain thee"; "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." A lady asked him to write the names of her family, nine in number, and as she gave him one dollar she said: "You

HERBIE BELLAMY can keep ten cents for yourself." Herbie said: "I promised Jesus that if He would help me to write, I would give Him all the money I earned, and if I kept this ten cents I would be stealing." So the dollar was placed in the box. ☺ ☺

Herbie wrote two copies of the Lord's prayer. One he gave to Miss Veazey, our missionary from Japan, the other hangs in the home in that part of the room known as Herbie's corner. There is the wheeled chair, the house chair, the music box, the work box, and the scrap-book, on which we find his first attempt at making a mark with his foot, and the advances until he formed the first letter; then a word, and a sentence and his own name. The improvement was quite discernible. There was also a large photograph of the child in his mother's arms. These are the sacred treas-

ures off the household, for around them cluster so many happy memories. The boy might be called a home and foreign missionary, educating an orphan in Japan, and consciously and unconsciously preaching the Gospel to all who came in contact with him. ☺ ☺

HERBIE
BELLAMY

Even in his last suffering Herbie manifested his love for souls, as he said: "I want everyone to give their hearts to Jesus, for I want to see everybody in heaven," and turning to his mother, he said: "Keep up my Mission Band and my missionary box." Although only one-quarter of the mission year had passed, there was then sixty-nine dollars in the box. As his mother stroked the little hands, she said: "These hands will be all right in heaven, and you will be able to feed yourself there." Herbie looked up quickly, his

HERBIE eyes sparkling with joy, and said:
BELLAMY "I will not be hungry nor thirsty
there. Jesus will give me one
drink and I will never
again be thirsty."





God's Acre.





N the fourth of December, 1899, **HERBIE BELLAMY** he was taken suddenly ill with acute indigestion, followed by quinsy, congestion of the lungs and dropsy. His sufferings were intense, but the patience and thoughtfulness for others that had characterized his life were exemplified throughout these days of trial. Frequently when handed a drink of water, he would say: "Jesus is so good to give me such nice cold water." Once when weary with pain and weakness, he said; "I am so tired; I want to go to heaven." Then in a moment, as if he had thought that this expressed wish was not right: "If Jesus wants me to wait a little longer, it is all right." The name of Jesus always brought a smile to his face. Wednesday night,

**HERBIE
BELLAMY**

January 19th, he had a hemorrhage of the lungs. All his loved ones thought the end had come, or rather the beginning of the heavenly life had been reached, but he lingered till Saturday, January the 21st, at half-past two, when the ransomed spirit took its flight, to be forever with the Lord.

Herbie Bellamy had twelve years of life, as we count it. In those years there was much suffering, and great joy and peace in the love of his Saviour. His life cannot be called short, for he finished the work God had given him to do, and like the Apostle could say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The Master said: "It is enough, come up higher." ☙ ☙

On Monday, January 23rd, 1900, the tired body was laid in the cemetery at Moose Jaw. The little white casket was

covered with flowers, and one token of love HERBIE
laid in the centre, was a pillow of white BELLAMY
flowers from the Mission Band to their
loved president. As the writer stood by
the little grave in God's acre on that
boundless prairie, thoughts came in rapid
succession, and the prayer that welled

up from the heart was: "O,
may I triumph so, when
all my warfare's
past!"

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